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RECKONING ON NEW YORK.

WHY, with upward of 50,000 vacant apartments at more than 10,000 addresses in New York City—as shown by the police report submitted to the Board of Aldermen last week—are New York landlords raising apartment house rents to the highest levels known in the city's history?

For one reason, because New York has peculiarities which can be counted on to upset any general working of the law of supply and demand in the local real estate field.

New York is forever possessed by the idea that it can only do business on one block. The block changes frequently—but not the idea.

What was comparatively a short time ago the most fashionable shopping district in town, Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, has until recently looked year in and year out like a deserted village. For the past decade its boarded fronts and dusty window panes have been one of the curiosities of New York.

Why? Because nobody wanted to be in one of the most central and convenient sections of Manhattan unless every one else was there. Not only did the retail trade move out, but it took years of persuasion and "zoning" talk to get the wholesale trade to move in. Yet this district is one of the best situated and most desirable of the city! That's New York.

Thousands of New Yorkers have similar ideas as to where they must live. And the city has done nothing to offset the activities of real estate speculators who have been only too eager to narrow the demand for certain classes of housing to sections where, at one time or another, realty operation promised to be most profitable. There has been no attempt to assure attractive apartment house offerings at any points save where speculative enterprise chose to consider such offerings worth while.

Speculative enterprise undoubtedly puts up buildings that hold tenants. But experience has not gone to show that a big city can be forever content merely to see that such buildings are safe and sanitary and let it go at that. Has any city grown great and sightly and become the home of millions of happy, comfortably housed people by leaving all housing problems—save those of safety and sanitation—to private realty interests?

Rents for the best living accommodations in New York, we are told, have increased more than 400 per cent. in the last three decades. This city's $30,000 a year apartment suites—$1,400 a room—are said to make London open its eyes in wonder.

For New York to be proud of, no doubt.

But what about the £2,000,000 and more the London County Council has invested in housing for workers—6,420 apartments and 3,402 cottages to May 31, 1915—no penny of which is charity, but which enables some 57,000 persons to live in clean, attractive surroundings at low rents?

Would New York be the worse for being able to boast something like that alongside its $30,000 a year flats?

Another thing upon which New York landlords count:

The highest spending power of the country gravitates to this city. To a considerable extent New York lets that spending power measure its prosperity and set its standards.

Americans, at the present time, divide into three classes or strata wherever a vertical section is taken: At the top are employers who are better off because of the war. At the bottom are wage-earners who are better off because of the war.

Between is a great body of salaried workers who are no better off because of the war, but who now find themselves forced to drop down a plane or more in their standards of living because they cannot compete with the increased spending power below as well as above them.

That spending power—both the part which exists in and that which is attracted to New York—is what landlords rely upon to fill up thousands of vacant apartments at high rentals if they—the landlords—hold to their figures.

Only a year ago a former President of the Real Estate Association of the State of New York and Chairman of its Executive Committee was quoted as follows:

> **Landlords must not base a raise of rents on war time increase in prices of coal, materials or labor, primarily because real estate investments are averaged in income over a long period of time, realty being a slow asset. The rent-paying masses are bearing their share of war burdens by paying inflated prices for all kinds of living necessities, and the realty owner must be ready to assume likewise his share of the situation.**

Slow asset or not, a considerable number of New York realty owners have gone directly contrary to the above and assumed their share of the situation at the present moment to be the biggest rent advances they can exact from New York apartment house tenants.

Against 50,000 vacant apartments they stake their knowledge of New York and of its peculiar demands and ways.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Beauty is only skin deep. Freckles are apt to be more genuine than blushes.—Philadelphia Record.

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A pretty woman is a pretty good thing to have around, but there's no occupation nowadays for a pretty man but work.—Binghamton Press.

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The world is cluttered up with people who are waiting for somebody else to do it.—Binghamton Press.

Letters From the People

Wants Overseas Mail Delivered.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am glad to see that there is one newspaper in New York not afraid to print complaints about the wretched mail service to our soldiers. It might be easily understood that letters would go astray occasionally, but when thousands of homes here have not had letters in weeks, and the boys over there are without mail, something is pretty radically wrong. We have been encouraged to write letters to the soldiers. Pershing asked that we remember them often. But what is the good of writing if a slipshod mail department loses letters or fails to use proper expedition? Something should be done about this—quick. SOLDIER'S BROTHER.

Asks Genealogy of Jean Navarre.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

In an article you published about Daredevils in the Air mention is made that Adj. Jean Navarre is known as "The Gypsy of the Air." I am writing a book about gypsies and if this title was given Navarre popularly, because he is himself a gypsy, I would be much interested to know it. A. L.

So called by his messmates, according to a story from Paris.

Now and Then They Peek!

By J. H. Cassel

New York Girl Types You Know

No. VII.—THE CABARET GIRL

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

ALL sorts of girls go to cabarets, but only one sort is the Cabaret Girl.

At the present moment she is in fullest flower in the alcoholic fastnesses of Long Beach listening, perhaps, to a little monologue on the high price of highballs, from a man who knows just what that soaring commodity costs, anywhere from Broadway to the Moulin Rouge, and who prefers Long Beach to them all because it takes most money from him.

Naturally, there are still cabaret girls left in New York, natives as well as the eager, curious visitors from out of town, who make the gilded yap-traps of Broadway profitable and celebrated from Octorara, Pa., to the Yukon.

Theoretically, the cabaret girl should have disappeared from the social map when the United States went into the war. A few of her did. But any one who takes the trouble to look must realize that she still flourishes in large numbers wherever her favorite lair happens to be.

It is all very well to say that she should be rolling bandages for the Red Cross, volunteering to drive a motor, or run an elevator, or work on a farm. But it takes brains to do these things. A certain amount of fermentation must go on in the skull even while you are hulling blackberries or shelling peas. And the cabaret girl has nothing in her skull, which is the only perfect vacuum known to science.

Her age may be sixteen or sixty. I have seen both these ages represented in cabarets.

But the cabaret girl's favorite age is twenty-nine. She likes twenty-nine so much that she is rarely willing to part with it. Its price is beyond even the diamond bar pin with which, owing to police regulations, she is obliged to keep body and soul together. Some cabaret girls have been known to preserve that marvellously static twenty-nine long after their last tooth had been crowned. The cabaret girl who sees another, younger than she can pretend to be, is only less unhappy than when a woman with better clothes or more diamonds is seated at the next table.

"Why don't you come to the Red Cross auxiliary?" I asked a young matron I met the other day driving along a country road.

"Oh, I'm too busy," she replied hurriedly.

"Busy?" I repeated. "With what?" as I knew her to be childless and to have few household cares.

"Well," she replied confidentially, "I'll tell you my real reason. Mrs. Talbot Jones got the class up, and I go with the Spencer Joneses, and they are not very friendly with the Talbot Joneses, even if they are brothers. So I can't go."

One wonders what a wounded soldier would think of her reason!

The cabaret girl is invariably idle, inevitably helpless. She is quite as inefficient as the old clinging vine without the vine's softness and gentleness. Sometimes, not often, she dances well. Sometimes, not often, she has the saving grace of beauty. But what is she good for? What thing of value can she do? Most of the cabaret matrons who wish for more successful husbands would be hard put to it to find any sort of successors to the poor patient men they make the victims of their dissatisfaction—a dissatisfaction which comes from the poverty of their own souls, not from outside circumstances. For there is no man so rich, so wise, so good that he can give happiness to the woman with a poor soul.

She does not need more dresses, diamonds or dancing, as she believes, but more ideas, more purposes, more feelings. She has but one idea, to spend money, one feeling, envy, when another woman has spent more.

Before the war came she read two things only—the society news in the papers and Town Topics, which was her Bible. To-day she is compelled by social pressure at least to pretend to read the war news, and weird and wonderful are the ideas she brings back from a hasty and half-hearted look at the morning paper.

"The Germans are making a new peace drive," one cabaret matron confided to me recently. "My husband says England won't make peace without taking the German colonies. But I told him this morning the English will be satisfied with Calais. I read somewhere there was a Queen of England who wanted Calais so much she said its name would be found written on her heart when she died, and I know King George must feel the same way about it!"

"But Calais belongs to France—England's ally," I protested foolishly and, of course, vainly.

"What difference does that make?" she asked with impatience. "England always gets anything she wants. I am afraid you haven't an international mind."

On the whole, I think the cabaret matron was less trying when she talked about her real interests—clothes, jewels, motors and "new steps."

Till the war came, one forgave much to the cabaret girl. The thought that she would grow out of it contributed to this tolerance, but the first cabaret matron spoiled everything by showing what she might become.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"BY GOLLIES!" remarked Gus; "I see the vimmin of this country is getting up a Regiment of Death, like them Russian vimmin did."

"Funny how the women fight each other," said Mr. Rangle reflectively.

"Funny how they fight the men!" said Mr. Jarr in a subdued tone.

His had not been a happy home recently.

"Funny?" queried Gus. "Do you call it funny? No, I says, let 'em fight mit each other. You bet I told my Lena about it. My Lena she is a fighter. By Chorge! When I told her the vimmin was going to be soldiers to fight she puts on her big hat mit the longest hatpins in it and I ain't seen her since. I bet she's joined with the army."

"I got a letter from a lady what signs it 'Frieda' roasting me because I let Gus's wife poke me in the face," said Elmer, the bartender. "She says I should not let any boss's wife hand me one. But I didn't let her do it because Gus is my boss. I did it because I'm a good-hearted feller, and I don't want to see Gus get all the pushes in his face. And, besides, Gus's vife is a lady and enchoys handing wollops to people she likes."

"Huh!" sniffed Mr. Slavinsky, who was also practising at the bar. "Do you think you could lick Gus's vife in a boxing fight?"

"In a boxing fight I could do it," said Elmer stolidly, "because in a boxing fight she would have them box fight gloves on and couldn't scratch me in the eyes."

"Vot, YOU vip my vife Lena?" cried Gus with a sarcastic sneer; "you can't even vip me! Any time you think you fight my vife Lena I bet you a veek's wages you can't."

"Oh, I wouldn't bet on it," said Elmer, taken back.

"I guess not!" said Gus. "But, anyhow, I would sooner as my vife Lena give me all the short-arm chabs she wants to rather than she should bawl me out."

"Oi, oi, oi!" cried Mr. Slavinsky. "Such a bawling out as my vife can give me, too! But anyhow I am for Var for Wimmen," added Mr. Slavinsky.

"Vot!" growled Gus. "Ain't it bad enough now? Ain't it that there should be von place the vimmen can't come to? Who will be safe to enlist in the army if the wimmen is going to be soldiers and tell your wife every time you play pinochle on duty?"

"No, sir!" said Bepler, the butcher, who came in at this point and overheard Gus. "My wife has my business in her name. She sits at the cash desk and takes in the money. And only when she goes upstairs to her dinner do I get a chance to swipe the price of a glass of beer. If she goes in the army she'll take my business with her."

"Women is the weaker sex," said Mr. Rangle. "Let us drink a toast to Lovely Women, formerly our Superiors, now our Equals."

But nobody drank to this, not even Mr. Rangle.

"Yes, but now they think a woman's place is in the army. They are also showing they are strong enough to fight the battles of life in the market place," said Mr. Jarr.

"Gus's vife is strong enough for anything," said Elmer. "She could fight in the market place or anywhere."

"Vell, I am for Var for Vimmen," said Mr. Slavinsky stoutly. "Always I am for Var for Vimmen, and when I saw that parade of the vimmen soldiers from the emberlance on Chuly 4th I hollered and waved a flag."

Will you march mit them mens whose vives, who are soldiers, make them march?" asked Gus in astonishment.

"Sure!" said Mr. Slavinsky. "I sent a dollar to that Mrs. Spankhirach in London to let the good work for wimmen soldiers go along."

All present regarded this statement with incredulous surprise. Mr. Slavinsky had never gained any notice as a liberal contributor until now.

"Slavinsky, I am ashamed mit you. Only that you owe me"—here Gus looked at the slate—"a dollar ninety-five, I would order you out of my liquor store. As soon as you pay that you can't come in any more."

"Vot I care!" retorted Slavinsky hotly. "All the cafes will be closed up before the war is over, anyhow."

"I don't believe it. You're kidding us," said Mr. Bepler.

"No, I ain't," said Mr. Slavinsky. "And, besides, if the wimmen go in the war to fight, nobody won't need cafes to go into."

And he stalked out.

Mr. Jarr followed him.

"Are you really in favor of women in the trenches?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Slavinsky. "But fat ones can't get into them trenches, and my wife will get in the War Office, where, maybe, she will have it to buy glass for winders for the army camps."

And the glazier winked his off eye knowingly and went upon his way.

Famous Movie Actresses Tell About Themselves

CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

HOW did I get into the movies? Well, although I hate to admit it, I really did nothing more or less than follow Norma in, and that's the truth—but it is also the truth that I stopped following her as soon as I was in and had a chance to look about a bit for myself.

When I was fourteen years old, Norma had a job with one of the motion picture companies, and I used to go to the studio with her and hang around until the directors were so used to seeing me that they really thought that I belonged there. Then one day I just walked right in front of the camera and no one thought to put me out. And once really in I wouldn't go, so here I am!

When Norma went to the Coast I went too, for mother didn't like to let her go alone or to leave Natalie and me here. It was like the old puzzle of the man crossing the pond and taking over, one at a time, the fox, the goose and the bag of grain; which two could he leave behind? So we all went along, and I did a little work here and there, but nothing very much, until D. W. Griffith started to make "Intolerance." He wanted some one for the part of the mountain girl, and at last he chose me, telling me that I was to be "sort of a lioness girl who wasn't afraid of anything." I had to drive a chariot, and while I wasn't afraid to do it, I had to learn how, and Norma can tell you that every night I came home from practising bruised and black and blue.


CONSTANCE TALMADGE

After this success I began to dream of something besides being Norma's little sister—a regular job, with a name all for myself—for usually when two sisters play on the stage or the screen there is just one who becomes known. For the other there is plain obscurity behind the title of "So-and-so's little sister."

My debut as a star came when I was presented in Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," and this was my greatest success. I followed this by "The Honeymoon," filmed in part on that historically honeymooned spot, Niagara Falls, and a series of pictures which led up to a "Pair of Silk Stockings," which took me into a hitherto unoccupied field of high comedy-drama.

Playing the Game

By Helen Rowland

N. B.—Solomon Was the First Great Optimist—He Married Seven Hundred Times—Diogenes Was the First "Radical"—He Never Married, Never Worked, and Never Wanted to Do Anything, Except Loaf Around All Day and Hate People.

LET pessimists live their tight little lives—what do YOU care?
Solomon had a thousand wives—enough and to spare!
But old Diogenes lived in a tub,
Cynical, lazy, grouchy, old grub!
He wouldn't shave, or work, or scrub—
Or even cut his hair!

He railed at the world, at people, at laws—'til life expired,
And went around hunting for faults and flaws—with rancor fired.
He scoffed and sneered from early 'til late,
At men and women, and church and state,
And all that he did was to loaf and HATE!
Oh, wouldn't that make you tired?

Give me Solomon—blessed old thing! Long live his fame!
THERE was a man too good for a king! But, all the same,
He loved his wives and his fellows, too,
He wrote and labored, his whole life through,
And did the best that a man can do—
He gallantly PLAYED THE GAME!

But Di was built on the "radical" plan—he loved his wrath!
And vowed that never an honest man had crossed his path!
And, once, when they offered him WORK—"Goodnight!"
He cried, "Go away! Get out of my light!"
He should have been caught in the "work-or-fight,"
And punished with a BATH!

And, the pessimist still lives in a tub—on this fair isle,
And he still refuses to work or grub—YOU know his style!
And he still refuses to cut his hair—
And rails at the country—but what do you care?
The thing that is winning, "over there,"
Is The Great American SMILE!

So, let the "radical" rant and groan—HIS be the shame!
We'll grin and bear it—and "carry on," in Freedom's name!
And it isn't our shells, alone, shall win,
It's the spirit that flames and burns within,
And the way that our soldiers fight and GRIN—
And the way we play the game!

Oh, this world is full of wonderful things—and the best is MAN!
And we're getting rid of the czars and kings—as fast as we can!
And women must work and men must fight,
But our hearts are strong, and our hopes are bright,
And everything's coming out ALL RIGHT—
According to God's own plan!

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for council, and fitter for new projects than for settled business.—Francis Bacon.

NEWEST THINGS IN SCIENCE.

Italian canners utilize the skins and seeds of tomatoes, the former for stock feed and the latter for oil, useful in its crude state for soap and illumination, and when refined, for table purposes.

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Long life is the chief advantage claimed for a recently patented spring clothes pin that is made of metal instead of wood.

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To aid the carver a Denver man has invented a clamp which holds a roast of meat firmly and permits it to be turned over easily.

* * *

Argentina has spiders which spin webs on telephone and telegraph wires heavy enough, when wet by dew, to cause short circuits.